

Lovestruck

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Summary: Abbot & Costello make a Bet entry.

## Lovestruck

LOVESTRUCK- Just a weird idea that i thought would be amusing. This came to me "whole cloth" while on hold with Medicare. Weird, huh? Insert standard i-don't-own-any-of-these-characters disclaimer. Opinions expressed by the characters are not necessarily the opinion of the author, y'know.

"Bets are closed, y'know," pointed out Mestik Abbot (imp of magical mishaps, 3rd class, limited) to the troll-like figure squatting in front of Mimir's Well. When that didn't get any reaction, he reached out and poked the figure.

"AHHHHH!" The troll (Avery Costello, engineer) leapt up three feet straight and dumped the little vial into the pool, leaving him with the eyedropper he'd been trying to measure a dosage with still in his hand. "Now look what you've done!"

"Me? What did you think you were doing? Oh dear." Mestik looked beyond the troll.

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"....I'm engaged to my worst nightmare!"

"Well, I don't want to thank such a girl," said Ranma under his breath. What was his father thinking of, engaging him to such an uncute tomboy. Lost in thought, Ranma leapt over the railing.

Kasumi dropped the wash bucket, hearing it clatter behind her as strong arms wrapped around her. There was a breathless moment as Kasumi's heart beat loudly from her moment of imbalance.

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Mestik's eyes grew huge and he chuckled. "Oh MAN. You used THAT stuff!"

The troll slapped his face and grumbled. "Shimmata! One drop is friendship, and that's what I was trying to do here. Three drops is love. Five would have left her the loveslave of the first guy she saw."

"Twelve fluid ounces," managed Mestik between gouts of laughter.

"Well, not all of it hit THAT timeline..." The troll blanched as he realized how much had actually hit the girl in question. "Well, there's no way she can be \*oblivious\* during this..."

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Akane and Nabiki's conversation came to an end with the Scream Of Holy Terror(tm) which came from the hallway.

A moment later the door opened and closed as a pigtailed martial artist showed up in the room.

"QUICK! HIDE ME!" Ranma looked around wildly.

"What happened to your shirt, Ranma kun?" Nabiki raised an eyebrow at the sight. What could terrify Ranma to such an extent? What could have shredded Ranma's shirt like that?

Ranma didn't wait any longer but started to dive under the bed.

Akane blinked. "PERVERT!" How dare he come running into her room, half dressed like that! Akane grabbed him by the pigtail and found herself dragged under the bed a moment later.

Nabiki, still sitting on the bed, blinked and stopped her yoga exercises. "Ranma, if you wanted to spend time alone with Akane..."

"PERVERT!" The bed jumped up and the sounds of severe violence were heard.

The door opened as Akane emerged from underneath her bed, dragging an unconscious martial artist behind her. Kasumi walked in and her eyes narrowed slightly as she caught sight of Ranma.

Nabiki blinked. Kasumi was flushed, breathing hard, and looking quite out of sorts. "Uhm, Kasumi?!"

"Thank you, Akane, I'll take over now," Kasumi's voice was a velvet purr.

Akane and Nabiki watched as Kasumi dragged Ranma out the door.

"Uhm, Nabiki, do you have any idea what that was about?"

"For once, sis, I have no clue." -----

Mestik howled. The Imp Of Magical Mishaps laughed helplessly rolling around on the ground.

"I just wanted to see what would happen if Kasumi had actually tried to be Ranma's friend from early on. That's all." The troll's voice was plaintive.

Mestik just laughed harder, having caught a glimpse of the activities occurring in a nice young girl's bedroom.

The troll just stared. Well, this was... interesting. Now if he could just apply the antidote.

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Kasumi happily hummed as she set breakfast out. The sun was shining, it had every indication of a beautiful day, full of promise and possibility!

"Where is that lazy boy?" Genma grumbled, only to pause when he noticed everyone staring at him. "WHAT?!"

"Sleep really soundly, don't you, Mister Saotome?" Nabiki focussed bloodshot eyes in his direction. At least as best she could. "Any idea when they stopped?"

Akane rubbed the bags under her similarly bloodshot eyes. "Ranma tried to escape twice, from what I heard, but I think he finally exhausted himself around one-o-clock. It sounded like Kasumi didn't notice until around two-fifteen."

Soun looked up at his daughter as she brought in more rice. "Oh my poor little girl. To do this to cement the Tendo-Saotome alliance."

"Somehow," Nabiki said in a voice dry as a desert, "I don't think that was it, Daddy."

"How are you feeling, Kasumi?" Akane wondered exactly WHAT had happened. She knew her sister was a creature of hidden depths and passions, but this had been surprising. Akane was also hoping that tonight wouldn't be a repeat.

"WONNNNDERFUL," Kasumi purred, eyes bright and a playful smile showing itself.

"What's going on?" Genma hesitated. At least there was plenty of food.

"I think Akane has given up on her engagement to Ranma, and Kasumi has picked it up." Soun ventured in an uncertain voice. Certainly HE had no clue as to the why or how.

"Damn straight!"

Everyone stared at the fierce response from Kasumi briefly before turning their attention to something safer like their rice.

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"But I used the antidote!" The troll stared at the scene as Ranma crawled down the stairs and was promptly pulled into some heavy liplock.

"To paraphrase a famous Japanese military commander: 'you have awakened a sleeping giant.' Kasumi's always liked to please others, and she's a repressed Japanese housewife. The usually shy polite ones are like that, once their sexuality has been aroused it's a djinni that can't be easily forced back into the bottle." Mestik grinned and pointed. "Looks like you'd need a crowbar to get Ranma's smile off his face."

"That's at least partly fear," countered the troll.

"I think he at least respects her some after she suplexed him onto the bed the second time."

"How did she know the 'Dragon Ascending' sexual position?" The troll turned a suspicious eye towards the imp.

"Must have been in one of Doctor Tofu's books. Ah well." The imp began giggling again.

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"Oh my," Kasumi said, glomping onto Ranma. "Take care. Study hard."

"C'mon, Ranma, stop flirting with my sister! We've got to get to school!"

"For luck," said Kasumi, kissing Ranma's right cheek.

Akane noticed that Ranma looked paralyzed. "HURRY UP!"

"Do well," said Kasumi, kissing Ranma's left cheek.

"RANMA!" Akane began to glow.

"I'll miss you," Kasumi breathed before planting a long and passionate kiss upon Ranma's lips.

Akane broke the moment by pulling Ranma out of Kasumi's arms and running down the road. "Honestly, Ranma, a little affection and you just completely fall to... pieces?!" CLICK! Akane stumbled as suddenly she experienced one of those moments where everything fit together into crystal clarity. "Oh my!"

"Goodbye, dear!" Kasumi waved from the front gate of the dojo.

Akane growled and redoubled her speed. "C'mon, Ranma, you're going to make us late!"

A snore was her only answer.

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"How am I supposed to fix this!" The troll sniffled. "They'll see this and know. And NEITHER of us are supposed to be here!"

"Maybe nobody will notice?" The imp smirked, not particularly caring. He was an imp after all, and therefore rarely understood the concept of Consequence.

"Oh, LOOK at that! Ranma is being treated gently, kindly, tenderly - for the first time in his life! Kasumi backs off on the wild sex marathons (looks like the antidote worked SOME at least) but she continues to be affectionate. Look at how he's handling it!"

The imp's smile diminished slightly. "He's not being a jerk?! Well, that's no fun. He's actually trying to behave in a civilized manner when he's not getting someone in-his-face confrontational. This will never do! Heck, even that Nietzsche fellow will figure out this isn't an unaltered timeline!"

"We gotta fix it somehow. They'll put us on the Penitent Souls division or something. Or even," the troll swallowed in fear, "make us get real jobs."

This was enough to motivate the imp. "OK. So what we've got is the Kasumi-Ranma romance being a major problem. Ranma doesn't feel threatened, isn't getting insulted or pushed, is getting his manhood proven twice a night, and Kasumi's giving him enough food to choke a panda. He's happy! Kasumi's happy because she's doing things she loves to do and is pleasing someone she loves. Akane's mainly happy because Kasumi's happy and she's out of the engagement. PLUS Akane now thinks she's got a clear shot at Doctor Tofu."

"That's IT! We can have Doctor Tofu go nuts, paralyze Ranma, and everyone will be miserable again!" The troll snickered.

"Get real," the imp responded hotly. "We've got a boy who's getting malletted on the head regularly, had his joints twisted all the wrong ways by Akane the first time he met Dr Tofu, and tortured on a regular basis by the same gal. You're going to override the normal setting and put in a permanent injury just to keep it dark and miserable?"

"Well, I couldn't do anything nasty to Akane. Why not?"

"Too obvious. Besides, it's been done before."

"Oh yeah," the troll nodded. "But we still got to get it fixed."

"I know, Shampoo!" The imp chuckled.

"Aw c'mon, if she shakes her head it rattles! What can she do?"

"She can hurt Kasumi, Soun will switch the engagement back to Akane, and everyone will be miserable again!"

"We'll need to help her!"

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Shampoo snuck closer, her target in sight. Soon her airen would be hers alone. Still, something made her hesitate. Maybe it was how nice the girl had been to her earlier. Maybe it was how the girl had been so sympathetic of Shampoo's problems. Maybe it was how this weak Japanese woman was so incredibly trusting.

Maybe Shampoo just didn't like shooting fish in a barrel. The girl was so concerned over getting her dinner under control that she'd let a bag of beans spill out over the floor.

"Obstacles are for aaaaaaaaaaaa!" The rest of Shampoo's attack went a bit different than she'd intended.

Kasumi turned to see Shampoo, arms windmilling, sliding towards her at high speeds. "Oh my!"

#THUD CRASH WHAM#

"Hey, Kasumi, I heard...?!"

Assorted exclamations followed as the various remaining Tendos and two Saotomes attempted to fit simultaneously in the kitchen doorway.

Kasumi broke the unintentional kiss, noting the panicked look in Shampoo's eyes. The Chinese girl's shoulders were trembling where they were pinned to the floor by Kasumi's hands. "Oh dear."

"Please to get off Shampoo. Shampoo having really bad day."

"That wasn't the Kiss Of Death, either." Nabiki began to consider. "I wonder what Amazon Law says about an Outsider Woman who gives the Kiss Of Marriage to an Amazon she's just defeated."

"Please to get off Shampoo. Shampoo going to have nervous breakdown. Shampoo has worked for it. Shampoo deserve it. Shampoo going to get busy on that right now."

"Oh, I'm so sorry Shampoo. I didn't mean to..." Kasumi got off the Amazon, looking a little worried by the other girl's expression.

Shampoo slid back into a sitting position, staring at first at Kasumi, then at Ranma, then back to Kasumi. In a very timid voice, she ventured a possible interpretation to her predicament. "Eh-to, wo da airen, wo da tai tai, wo ai ni?"

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The imp slapped the troll. "No, no, no, no, no! It's not an Akane + Ranma timeline so they've got to be miserable!"

"But, look!" Costello pointed at the scene the next morning. "As Kasumi and Ranma are now members of the Amazon tribe, at least to Shampoo's opinion, she's now offering to train Akane. Akane's pretty happy with this. She's got the sparkly eye thing going and everything."

"That doesn't matter, we've got to derail all this before something goes even more wrong." The imp began studying the timeline. "Maybe Kuno?"

"Too busy drooling over pictures of three students: the pigtailed girl, Akane, and this new student with the purple hair who's trying to please her wife."

"Well, Kasumi's not into girl-girl, so..."

"AAHHHH! Kasumi just convinced Ranma to fulfill husbandly duties with her co-wife. She IS a traditional Japanese girl. Like 'Tale Of Genji' era. Ughhhhh!" The troll turned green, quite a trick when you're covered with orange fur.

"Well, that's gonna skunk Mousse's wagon, maybe he'll..."

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"NO WAY!" Akane blocked, spun, kicked, then lashed out in a special manuever when Mousse was off balance. "Stonebreaker Fist!"

Mousse slammed into the wall and slid to the floor.

Shampoo clapped her hands, proud of her student. Kasumi smiled, proud of her sister. Ranma looked bored, as he had wanted to be the one to fight. Still, Shampoo had a point in that Akane needed to fight tough opponents in order to get better.

"Shampoo, you actually married these two?" Mousse gestured without looking up from where he'd landed.

"Yes, Shampoo marry airen and tai tai. Shampoo happy have much love and support here."

"I see..." Mousse sighed and got up. Then if he couldn't have Shampoo THAT way...

Akane blinked as Mousse approached. "Well, if you want to try again, I...mmmmmmmmffff!"

Nabiki blinked. "That's the Kiss Of Marriage again, isn't it?"

P-chan squealed in indignation from his place on the sidelines.

Mousse took a step back. "Well, I can have Shampoo as a sister-in-law at least."

Akane's shock eventually wore off. Violence commenced.

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"AAAAAAH! We'll never get this timeline to behave!" The troll covered his head with both hands and tried to not look any further.

"So Akane's being fought over by Mousse, Kuno, and Ryouga." The imp thought this had some possibilities. "While she's pursuing Doctor Tofu! And she's getting trained as an Amazon warrior by her sister-in-law. Maybe we just ought to sneak off and maybe nobody will know we done this."

"Who's Nabiki end up with? Ono! She's not solely interested in money? Maybe I ought to consider hiding. Purgatory's got a few good places to hide."

"Good idea, I'll meet you there." The imp considered for a moment, watching as things continued to get stranger. "Maybe nobody will notice?"

end?

hi folks, this weirdness just popped into my head and wouldn't go away till i typed it out. hope it gave you a chuckle.

gregg

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End  
file.